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One Form of Class Legislation Which Mr. Wilson Cannot "Side-Step."

Even the most accomplished "side-stepper" cannot keep on "side-stepping" indefinitely. I.e. we will come up sooner or later head-on against a situation which will not allow itself to be "side-stepped."

Then at last that plain word must be spoken from which the gifted phrasemaker hoped to slink away. President Wilson is about to be put in the unenviable position of a phrasemaker brought to book. He has undoubtedly been congratulating himself on having gotten through the House of Representatives the famous now-you-see-them-now-you-don't-see-them farmers' and union labor exemptions of the Clayton anti-trust bill. He has been taking pride in the neatness of a job in phrasemaking which will not only allow Mr. Gompers to say that union labor and farmers' organizations are exempted from prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust law, but will also allow the President to say that the Sherman law has not been altered a particle and that violations of its provisions against combinations in restraint of trade will be prosecuted without any regard whatever to class or vocational distinctions. So great is the merit of a little verbal manipulation, which countenances two contradictory interpretations and leaves the clash between them to be settled by the courts!

The President has established friendly enough relations with the Clayton "gold brick" exemptions. But in engaging to join in the pleasant process of "side-stepping" the meaning of the Clayton bill's "concessions to labor" he seems to have forgotten all about the plain acknowledgment of class legislation embodied in the rider put on the sundry civil appropriation law last year, the "principle" of which he denounced although he approved the bill. To his astonishment and embarrassment Congress is going to reincorporate that rider in this year's sundry civil appropriation bill. Why shouldn't it, since everybody nowadays is trying to make things as pleasant as possible for Mr. Gompers? Congress is going to say again that no part of the appropriation made in the sundry civil bill for the enforcement of the anti-trust laws shall be used for the prosecution of labor organizations combining to increase wages, to shorten hours, or to secure better conditions of labor, or for prosecuting farm producers combining to put up the prices of their products.

Mr. Wilson was not as expert a "side-stepper" last year as he is now. He admitted then that Congress was trying to get him to approve a glaring piece of class legislation. He was bold enough to say that the limitation put on the use of the funds was "unjustifiable in character and principle." Will he retain enough backbone to repeat that criticism this year and to veto the bill, as President Taft vetoed it two years ago, "because it contains 'vicious class legislation' whose evil character was known in advance to Congress?"

The President might be able to approve the Clayton "gold brick" exemptions if the bills containing them should ever reach him. He could say that he didn't know what they meant and that he was satisfied to pass them along to the courts. But he can't say that he doesn't know what the sundry civil appropriation bill exemptions mean. He is on record as to what they mean. If he signs another sundry civil appropriation bill containing those exemptions he will sign away his character for courage and straightforwardness. He will sink even lower than the demagogues in Congress who have gladly given Mr. Gompers all that he has asked. They have never professed any great hostility to class legislation. If the Gompers concessions are class legislation they are not against it but for it.

But Mr. Wilson has said that he is against class legislation. He has pledged himself against any discrimination in the enforcement of the anti-trust law. He will soon be in a position where he cannot "side-step" that pledge. He will soon reach the end of the blind alley of equivocation. Will he redeem his reputation by denouncing the Gompers "gold brick" compromises as they ought to be denounced, or will he for the sake of currying favor with labor accept the odium of refusing to do what he knows to be just and right?

Subsidy Throttled; Honor Vindicated.

The House of Representatives yesterday concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Sims canal tolls repeal bill, sending the measure to the President. There is little doubt that he will sign it, although he would have preferred a more "ungrudging" response by Congress to his appeal for the repairing of what he rightly considered a breach of international faith.

Congress undoubtedly intended to show some disrespect for his leadership when it attached the Norris-Simmons amendment to the plain, straight-out Sims repeal bill. But Mr. Wilson can well afford to overlook that snub, since every practical result he aimed at is fully accomplished. The United States has ceased to discriminate in favor of its own shipping in levying tolls at Panama, and the British charge of sharp practice in the interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty falls to the ground.

These results are in themselves a triumph for the Wilson administration, which boldly undertook to reverse a Democratic national platform and to coerce a reluctant Democratic majority in Congress into repairing an error. It was a battle bravely fought for national honor and international respect. It cannot greatly concern those who felt that the exemption of American coastwise vessels from tolls was a violation of treaty that Congress in discharging the exemption has stipulated that it waives no right of any sort which the United States may possess under the Hay-Pauncefote convention. It is no menace of a repetition of friction with Great Britain that we reserve a possible or imaginary right of discrimination, so long as we give

notice to the world that we are not going to discriminate.

The Tribune rejoices to see foiled one of the most remarkable plots in American politics, by which the assent of the Democratic national organization was obtained on false pretences to a flat coastwise trade ship subsidy. The country cannot afford to remit tolls at Panama to American vessels. It will need all the tolls it can collect for many years to come. The coastwise exemption clause of the Panama Canal law of 1912 was therefore doubly vicious. It ran foul of a treaty and granted an extravagant ship subvention. The country is to be congratulated on having in the repeal bill killed two evil birds with the same stone.

At Meadow Brook This Afternoon.

Bad luck and worse management have dogged the steps of the challenging Britishers at polo this year. The early practice in Spain was a failure from every point of view. Then, at the eleventh hour, it became apparent that Lord Wimborne's chosen four were sadly below international form. Patriotic pleas went forth, and Captain Cheape volunteered. With his brilliant mallet in the play, the four might lack something in team work, but it was certain to give any men a fight. The first practice on this side re-enforced this view. But luck broke against Britain again with the injury to Captain Cheape, and Hurlingham will ride out upon the field this afternoon with an uphill task before it.

Just where our new American four is to be rated only the actual test can fix. It has shown various grades of polo, but if we can judge by the American game in the past, it will show its best under spur of necessity. If it does, there will be scant reason for regretting the Big Four that is no more.

The hope of every one will be that Captain Cheape is sufficiently recovered to play in true form. With him at his best, a dazzling, hair-raising match is certain, with victory in doubt till the last gong. With him out, or playing only on his pluck, Hurlingham's chances can scarcely be considered bright.

A Regrettable Appointment.

It is entirely likely that Mr. Thomas J. McCormick, just appointed warden of Sing Sing, is a good plumber. It is certain he is a successful politician, high in favor in the Tammanyized Democracy. Neither count qualifies him for his new place. There is nothing in his entire record to show that he has any particular experience or aptitude for the work of this very important post.

The appointment merely means that Tammany, or its Westchester appendage, has gobbled Sing Sing for whatever there is in it for the politicians. Clancy, the warden whose resignation made this appointment possible, declared that he was forced out by politicians whose dictates he would not obey. It isn't likely the new man will resign on any such ground. Mr. McCormick may be an estimable citizen and an honor to his party. Nevertheless, his appointment is a long step backward at a time when long steps forward in prison management and the betterment of prison conditions are imperative.

Another Hit-or-Miss Ambassador.

In giving the ambassadorship to France to Representative William G. Sharp, of Ohio, no great violence was done to the standards set by this administration in diplomatic appointments. Mr. Sharp has been in the lower branch of Congress for five years and has served three years on the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Beyond that he can exhibit no particular qualification for the sort of service which is expected of men commissioned to represent this country in the more important European capitals.

There is no talent of Pindellism about this appointment. The Senate will probably not have to call for another batch of "Jim Ham" Lewis literature. Mr. Sharp is a successful business man, perhaps better fitted for the French post than Mr. Wilson's first choice, Mr. William F. McCombs, on whom the President labored so energetically to bestow it. Yet the fact that probably not half a dozen men outside of Washington ever would have thought of Mr. Sharp as eligible for so representative a diplomatic position emphasizes the casual, hit-or-miss manner in which ambassadors have been named under this administration. They all harmonize with the workings of a State Department whose greatest achievement so far has been the invention of the policy of "watchful waiting." Mr. Sharp may also qualify eventually as one of Secretary Bryan's best watchful waiters.

The New Palisades Park.

The Palisades Interstate Park, to be opened to the public to-morrow, or more properly Bear Mountain Park, the section of it which they saw, appears to have made a great impression on Governor Glynn and Mayor Mitchell. It should have done so. It is a splendid, wild, rugged country, well wooded, spectacular enough with its mountains and small lakes and the nearby Hudson to make an instant appeal to the mind, and lovely enough to stand long study and the familiarity which frequent visits give.

This park, made possible by co-operation of New York and New Jersey and private generosity, will never be exactly "the lungs of New York," as Governor Glynn remarked. It is too far away, and there will always be some difficulty and an appreciable expense in getting to its loveliest spots. New York City's lungs will continue to be the parks and sea beaches within the city's limits.

But the Palisades Park can, and should, be a place to bring rest and joy to thousands with the time and money to visit it. Plans for its development include camp sites, dancing pavilions, boats on its lakes, and the like. These woods and mountains and brooks and lakes can be to thousands of the city-bound what the Catskills and the Adirondacks are to their more fortunate fellows.

No Money for the Subway Easement.

Though the Board of Estimate has approved the Spruce street route for the new subway, to be used in case Secretary McAdoo persists in demands for compensation for an easement under the postoffice which the city cannot meet, it is to be hoped this route will never be used. It will not be if he and the city authorities faithfully and intelligently serve the interests they represent.

The Public Service Commission is willing to bear the burden of preserving the postoffice building in good and safe condition. It is willing also to install mail chutes and mail platforms in connection with the new subway, if it is allowed to run beneath the postoffice.

Such an arrangement is understood to have been agreed on by the real estate experts representing the federal government and the local authorities and to be the burden of a formal report they are about to make. It is a fair and sensible settlement of the matter. Any other arrangement would penalize the city and gain nothing for the United States.

The Conning Tower

AFTER MRS. HEMANS, WHO WAS AN ANTI.

The militants of England!
How restlessly they stand
With dynamite on Regent Street
And cannon on the Strand!
The dears across the country go,
They holler and they yell
And overhear the lovely isle
They raise partickler!

The Pullman Company says that tipping can't be stopped, nor can it until a man can live on the wages a porter gets. And if you want a glorious moment, ask the hat-check person, before tipping, whether he or she gets the tip, or any part of it. Then maybe the next time you won't submit to the hold-up so good-naturedly.

DULCINEA'S BROMIDEAS.

G. B. M.: "The weather is fine all summer until I go away; then it rains."
Tip: "Isn't it funny what a lot of bromides there are in this world after all?"

E. F. R.: "What I can't understand is how you men will swim, play golf and tennis all day long and dance half the night and then think you came out here for a rest."

R. C. M.: "The mosquitoes seem to leave every one else alone and just pick me out. And the stuff you put on is worse than the mosquitoes."

Cheer up, Dulcinea and fellow-resorters! Wherever you are is cooler than the merry old composing-room where this message to you is being 8-pointed, proved, read and made up.

We should like the New Orleans Times-Picayune's frontpage headline "New Orleans Cooled by Breeze While Northern Cities Suffer" immeasurably better if the weather report, also frontpaged, didn't give the temperature as 95.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPPY.

June 11.—Up, and to my cozen Florence's, and we discoursed of many things until noon, and her talk was full of wisdom and of greater understanding than most women of her inexperience are wont to have. To my office, and was for putting in the afternoon at work, but Will Beebe did ask me to come to the court, which I did, poor weakwill that I am, and I will did play with girls all the time. But Mistress Carita was not there, which I was sorry for. So home, and lat to dinner, and neither Olive nor my wife the least wroth with me, which made me ashamed, and I vow I shall never again take advantage of their good nature, save when I cannot help it.

12.—Up very betimes, having slept the best I have in a fortnight. All morning at the office and laboured with much industry till noon. To luncheon with J. Wise the cotton merchant, who is enchanted with himself for that a picture of his new house did appear in the morning paper, and R. Lingley the real-estate; and they two did cast dice for the reckoning, and L., poor wretch, was beaten. But he paid with a good grace. Read this afternoon "These Shifting Scenes" of Charles Edward Russell's, and found it good, brave stuff. Met with Mistress Marjorie Trumbull, and said, Whither, and she said, To take you home. Which I did deem a graceful retort and a generous thing to do, the dear lady.

The sanest remark thus far on the morals-fashion question was made yesterday by Mrs. Charles H. Israel. "Statements characterizing clothes as the downfall of our women," she said, "are largely bunk."

BY WILFRED J. FUNK

My name is Wilfred Funk, (you know it) And when I see it in your column, And friends declare I am some poet, I'm the antithesis of solemn.

As W. J. F. you rate me, And strike my pride with swift confusion So suddenly to relegate me To an anonymous conclusion.

You can't be mad at me for prizing Such fame as you give Inez Gilmore, And all the Ivy Cobb advertising, And Werrenrath and Flagg and still more?

Oh is publicity so sinful? Ah! won't you grant this little flutter Of tickled pride?—Print the name in full Of one who earns your bread and butter?

Nor are you to forget that "Dose Rottencommon Kids" make their first appearance in tomorrow's GOTHAM WEEKLY GAZETTE. The dullest comic series ever designed.—Adv.

"WHOM ARE YOU? SAID CYRIL"

[From a Victor record catalogue.]
" . . . and Nedda speaks of her mother, whom she says could understand them."
[From an opinion by Presiding Justice Smith, Appellate Division, Third Dept.]
" . . . one Annie Becker, whom it appears was living with the plaintiff's testator . . ."

One of Bert Taylor's contrivances says that Mr. Rapp has changed his auto horn because it sounded too much like "Heink! Heink!"

Our Own Travelogues.

Sir: The English certainly are polite. Every evening when we start to leave the theatre the orchestra plays a few bars of "America."

"Bryan Makes Graduates Laugh," headlines the Tribune. There are ever so many who think he could make sub-freshmen laugh.

UNKING OUTS.

The stuff G. Burgess writes is great. But oh! the words he tries to mate! For even genius doesn't warrant A nearly-rhyme like "can't" and "aren't."

BAN.

More scrambled yet than scrambled eggs, More mixed than songs our city roars, Dark as the wine cask's darkest dregs Are Grantland Rice's metaphors.

DON JUAN.

W. R. Hearst on Mexican Crisis Stirs Germany.—Journal.

Yet he issues a comic supplement.

YOU'RE RIGHT, AS USUAL.

F. P. A.: The thought that Mr. Wallwork of Yonkers is a decorator may or may not interest you. L. N. W.

Good morning! Shall we see you at Meadowbrook?

We'll look for you between [bus. of going to sporting room] chukkers.

F. P. A.

